[fic] Quickly Over and Lost.

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Title: Quickly Over and Lost.
Fandom: Supernatural, Egyptian Mythology.
Pairing: Gabriel/Ishtar.
Rating: NC-17.
Summary: She caught him, and he can't exactly hide from a Goddess.
Notes: Written because of this fandom secret here. My brain ran away with me. >.>;; I hope it's not too awful.

"I don't kneel in *anyone*'s presence, sweetheart."

Warm skin, nearly too hot to touch - her teeth were shining white, and he knew she'd bite hard enough to draw blood. She grinned at him, knowing she could make him kneel, and content with that knowledge.

Damn, Gabriel hated Goddesses. He was trying to be incognito here, and here she had cornered him and there was no way he was going to get away from her without a fight. Fights meant using powers he didn't want to tap into to - his Grace would be a beacon, and he had spent too long trying to fit himself in on Earth that he didn't want to fight.

"Angel, you shouldn't be here."

"I'll leave, if you let me."

"And I'll tell your Brothers, if you leave." She was smirking now, and he could see the predatory gleam in her eyes. She knew she had him caught, she had known the moment he had claimed to be a Trickster. You just couldn't fool Gods, Pagan or no.

"What do you want?" Nothing for it, except to go straight to bargaining. Maybe he could fetch her something, or teach her something. Anything to get himself gone and hidden again.

But she still had that gleam in her eyes, and Gabriel knew too well of her aspect as War.

"I want to survive. We all do."

"And what can I do about it?" He knew what she was talking about. She'd fade, once her Kingdom fell, and eventually the world would fall to His Father's whims. "You can't exactly pull an Odin, and you know it."

"I don't want to become something other than me," She hissed, and she moved closer to him, warm skin touching his. "I want to tie us together."

Oh. *That*. Gabriel scowled. "You're not getting your paws on my Grace."

"Oh yes I am. Or I'll drag you before the Host myself."

Problem was, she could do that too. And she wanted a binding, a soul-to-soul binding. They'd both be more powerful for it, and she'd live as long as he did, but that was far too personal for his tastes. No choice, though. Not when he could see the desperate anger in her eyes.

He *hated* Goddesses.

"Fine," He ground out. He lifted a hand to snap, but she covered his hand with hers.

"I don't want to know you," She said. "But I'll bear it, and so will you. We're doing it now."

He glared, and lowered his hand. "I can't even summon a bed?"

Ishtar shook her head, black hair falling loose from the ties she had already banished. A blink and her clothes were gone, and then his.

"Considering the circumstances, I doubt you want one." And now she was teasing, touching him intimately, making his body flush and harden.

Gabriel growled, low in his throat, and put his hands on her hips. "You're lucky you're beautiful," he said before catching her in a kiss, opening his Grace as he did so. He could feel her, old power, still strong, always strong. It felt like forever to him, and the kiss was long before she pulled back.

"So are you," she murmured before biting her lips, drawing blood. They kissed again, and he tasted the blood and her power, shuddering as it mingled with his. Pain as she bit his lips, drawing blood, kissing him again, and then she was sliding herself onto his cock, digging her fingers into his back.

Pagan rituals of this caliber always had blood, saliva and semen. Gabriel had participated in many, and he knew how it went. But she wanted his Grace, and he manifested his wings, watching his light burn her eyes, watching her stare unflinchingly into his Grace. When she looked at his face again, her eyes were fine, and her expression was openly wanting.

"Well, go on," He grumbled, rocking himself into her, licking his lips. She felt hot all over, sun-baked, and truth be told, he was enjoying that aspect of it, at least. He kissed her lips again, sharing his blood again, and sharing the air he exhaled as she pulled out a feather.

He took the feather from her, murmuring Enochian to it, blessing it. He kissed it, then she kissed it, and she swallowed the feather.

Gabriel couldn't stop from shuddering as he felt her rock on him, felt his Grace

light up her old, *old* power once more, and felt the pain she had inflicted on him.

Then Ishtar kissed him again, salt on her lips burning his, and he came with a groan, body shuddering as he released into her. He could feel and see the glow of Grace in her, his Grace, and he pulled out with a badly-hidden shiver.

"Go," He said, roughly. He didn't want to see her. He didn't want to know her. No matter how good it had felt, he didn't want her. He turned away, weary. His Grace was humming, singing with the resonance it had found with her, and it made him ache in ways he didn't want to examine.

"Thank you, Gabriel," Ishtar was quiet, and something was off in her tone, but when he turned back to see her face, she was gone.